# LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA,

## HIS FIRST BOOK OF

# CLEMENCY,

Written to

*NERO CÆSAR.*

*LONDON,*

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, *M DC L III.*

Ex Dono Dni Radulphi Freeman Equitis Aurati huius Poematis Authoris.

# To the Reader.

Reader:

Perhaps thou at first sight shouldst tax the Authour of flattery, in magnifying the Clemency of Nero, the worst of Tyrants; know, this Tract was written about the beginning of his Reigne, who while he hearkened to the Advice and Counsell of Seneca, once his Tutor, merited this praise, as appears by that Quinquennium Neronis, the first five years of his Government, so much celebrated: as also by that passage between him and Burrus recorded by Seneca and Suetonius, when after many delayes being to signe a Warrant for the Execution of some Offendors; he cryed out, O that I could not write! Though afterwards (such a change there was in him) hearing that vulgar Greeke verse repeated, which Tyberius had so often in his mouth: Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί, when I dye let the Earth be set on fire; nay, while I live said Nero. But whether Seneca suspected that change or no, it is evident he omitted no endeavour either to confirm him, or else to make him asham'd to lose that vertue, for which he was so much extoll'd. And questionlesse had he not thrown off not only all vertue, but whole Man; the very remembrance of this Booke would have made him spare the Authour. But it is conceiv'd, the reverence of his life did too much

*check the resolved wickednesse of the Emperour. And although the present Translator may seem actum agere in making Seneca English: yet perhaps thou wilt finde he hath rendred him more vigorous, and more like himselfe in his originall; but certainly he hath made him more thine by an easie retention of his various and fluent sentences in thy memory, through the harmony of Verse. Read therefore and injoy him; for as* Lipsius *his chief Illustrator sayes,* He is in a ready way to goodnesse who hath begun to love *Seneca.*

Farewell.

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LVCIVS

# LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA

## His First Book, of CLEMENCY, written to Nero Cæsar.

I *Nero Cæsar*, have resolv'd to write
Of Clemency: to offer to thy sight
A Looking-glass, where thou thy selfe mayst view,
And reap the greatest joy that man ere knew.
For though it be the true fruit of good deeds
To know w' have done them, and that vertue needs
No praise but from it self: yet thoughts oft spent
On a good conscience yeild no small content;
And then to cast thine eyes upon the lewd,
Contentious, vile, pernicious multitude,
Which if at length it should cast off this yoke,
To mutuall bane each other would provoke:
And seriously within thy self to say:
The gods have cull'd me out the world to sway,
As their Vice-gerent: at my sole command
Both life and death, and all mens fortunes stand:
The fate of things depends on my decree,
Kingdoms receive their joy and griefe from me.

No country flouriſhes but by my ſmile.
Theſe numerous Legions, which are quiet while
My peace reſtraines them, at my beck ſhall fight:
What Nations ſhall be ruinate dquite,
And what tranſplanted, what be free'd, what bound,
What Kings ſhall be led captive, and what crown'd,
What Cities built, what ras'd, belongs alone
To my tranſcendent juriſdiction.
In this ſo great a power, my wrath nere bent,
My will to any unjuſt puniſhment;
No youthful boldneſs, nor raſh inſolence,
That provokes patient minds, could mine incenſe:
Nor have I ſought, like moſt great Kings, my name
T' advance by fear, and gain a dreadfull fame,
My ſword lies ſheath'd, or rather bound up ſtill,
I have forborne the meaneſt blood to ſpill,
Men though they want abilities, are when
They come to me, welcome, becauſe they are men,
Rigour's ſuppreſt, but mercy ſtands prepar'd:
I keep upon my ſelfe ſo ſtrict a guard,
As to the Laws I an account ſhould give,
Which would lie dead, but that by me they live;
Some for their youth, ſome for their age I ſpare:
For th' honour of their place ſome pitried are,
Some for their low condition: when I finde
There can no other reaſon be aſſign'd,
Why I compaſſion ſhould be mov'd to take,
I do it then at leaſt for mine own ſake.
Should the Immortall gods require this day
Th' account for all man-kinde, I would obay.
This, *Cæſar*, may with boldneſs be aver'd
That of all things thy birth-right hath confer'd,

Upon

Upon thy truſt, and faſe protection,
The Common-wealth through thee hath not loſt one,
Either by ſome, or fraud, thou haſt acquir'd
What ſcarſe an other Prince hath yet deſir'd,
The rareſt of all vertues, innocence.
Nor haſt thou laboured without recompence:
For this thy great and matchleſs worth hath found
Gratefull eſteemers. So our thanks abound:
That no one man, could to an other come
More wiſht for, then thou to the people of *Rome*,
Their great and laſting good. But loe thou haſt
Upon thy ſelfe a mighty burthen caſt,
For few ſpeak now of holy *Auguſtus* reigne,
Or of *Tiberius* his firſt times: Tis vaine;
To ſeek for an example any where
But in thy ſelfe: we have a full taſt there
Of what we may expect. Yet this were hard,
If hereunto thou were not firſt prepar'd
By native goodneſs; no man hath ſuſtaind
A borrow'd perſon long; things which are faind
Returne to their firſt habit: what hath grown
From truth, and, as I may ſo ſay, our owne
Well-grounded root, will gather ſtrength by time,
And by degrees to more perfection clime.
The *Romane* people thought they under went
A mighty hazard, ere they knew the bent
Of ſuch a noble ſpirit, we now are
In full injoyment of our publike praire.
Nor can we doubt, thou'lt e're thy ſelfe forget;
For though too much felicity does whet
Our appetites to more; and though our mind
Is not ſo temp'rate, as to be confin'd

To any preſent good, but will proceed
From great to greater things: and that we feed
Upon new hopes, when we have gotten more
Than could by us be hoped for before:
Yet all thy ſubjects joyntly do profeſs,
To take ſuch pleaſure in their happineſs,
That they for nothing do ſo much contend,
As that their happineſs may have no end.
To which profeſſion (though but ſeldom made
By any) theſe things chiefly them perſwade:
The plenteous peace that they enjoy by thee:
And juſtice plac'd above all injury.
The bleſſedneſs of ſuch a Government,
Where liberty is in its full extent:
And is not curb'd in any thing, unleſs
In what would ruine them, licentiouſneſs.
But that wich does to admiration flow,
Is thy moſt equall Clemency: for though
All other benefits which men poſſeſs,
Are as their fortunes make them, more or leſs:
Yet from thy mercy all, expect the ſame.
Nor is there any that can lay ſuch claime
To innocence, but he is glad to ſee
Mercy prepar'd, him from his faults to free.
However there be ſome who do maintain,
That bad men only do by mercy gaine:
Becauſe it is not properly extended
To any, but to thoſe who have offended:
And that among all vertues, this alone
Is that, which is to guiltleſs men unknown:
But yet as phyſick, though it be intended
But for the ſick, is nere the leſs commended

By

By ſuch as are in health: ſo Clemency,
Though it be ſought by them on whom does lie
A guilt, yet it is had in reverence
By thoſe who have committed no offence.
And guiltleſs men themſelves may ſtand in need
Of mercy; ſince ſome acts, that do proceed
From fortune, are made faults: and we may ſee
Vertue as well as innocence ſet free
By mercy: for in lewd and wicked times,
Praiſe-worthy deeds are puniſhed as crimes:
Beſides moſt men may become innocent;
Yet tis not fit to forbear puniſhment
To all: becauſe confuſion, and a ſource
Of vices follow, when we uſe remorſe
To good and bad: and therefore it is fit
To make a difference, between a wit,
Thats curable, and that which is paſt cure,
In pardoning, this rule is alwaies ſure:
Neither to be too rigid, nor remiſs;
Becauſe no leſs a cruelty it is,
To pardon all, then none: we muſt obſerve
A mean: but yet becauſe w' are apt to ſwerve,
It is the nobleſt error to incline
To mercie, when we paſs the equall line.
But for the preſent, theſe I'le lay aſide:
And the whole matter in three parts divide.
The firſt ſhall be a preface to the reſt:
The ſecond ſhall the nature manifeſt,
And qualitie of mercy: for whereas
Some vices do for vertues often paſs,
They cannot be diſtinguiſh'd, unleſs
We by ſome markes the difference expreſs.

In the third place we will inquire the way
To get this vertue, and to make it ſtay,
And then convert it to our preſent uſe,
For this is certaine, that we cannot chooſe
Among all ſorts of vertues any one,
That more becomes a man: for there is none
More ſweet, and more humane: and is not ſo
To us alone, who have been brought to know
That man is found a ſociable creature,
And molded for a common good by nature;
But even by thoſe who give up man to pleaſure,
And all their words and actions ſeem to meaſure
By their own profit. For if we deſire
Repoſe and reſt, this vertue will acquire
That which we ſeek; becauſe it ever ſtands,
For peace and meekneſs, and binds up our hands,
But yet ther's none whom mercy ſo much graces,
As Kings and Princes: for in publike places,
Power is a glory, and an ornament;
Provided always that it be intent
Upon the peoples ſafety, but if power
Be hurtfull, like a plague it will devour.
No accident his greatneſs can remove,
Whom all men do confeſs to be above,
As well as for them: and whoſe diligence
They ever finde awake for the defence
Of every one, no leſs then the whole State;
Who when he comes abroad, is not with hate,
Shun'd like ſome ſavage beaſt rouſd from her den,
But gaz'd upon by multitudes of men
Like a propitious ſtar, whoſe ſubjects ſtrive,
(That by their death he may be kept alive)

To ruſh between him and a Traitors ſword,
And that their conſtant watchings may afford
His perſon ſecure reſt, they ſtand about
His gates by night, to keep all danger out.
Nor is it without reaſon, that ſuch care
Is uſed by men, and nations every where,
To guard their Kings. Tis not a ſelfe-neglect
Or folly, that ſuch multitudes protect,
And with deſtruction of their own, uphold
One head, and that perhaps both weake, and old:
For as the body is ſubſervient
Unto the ſoul, and is more eminent
By that, and more conſpicuous, and though
The ſoule lies cloſe, but where we do not know:
Yet do the hands, and feet, and eyes conſent
To ſerve her: and the skin's her muniment,
At her command we now lie down, then run;
And if that ſhee be covetous, we ſhun
No ſea adventures; if ambitious,
Tis then a brave and glorious act for us,
To thruſt our hands into the flaming fire,
Or leap into a gulf if ſhee require:
Even ſo this vaſt and numerous multitude,
Which does within it but one ſoul include,
Is dayly guided by that ſpirit alone,
And governd by the reaſon of that one:
And ſhould that counſell be forborn, would ſtraite
Be ruind and diſtroye'd with it's own weight.
And therefore their own ſafety men regard
When in the camp ſo many ſtand prepar'd:
Each ſtriving for the front, offers his breſt
To wounds, leſt th' Emprours ſtandard be diſtreſt,

He is the ciment that unites the State:
The vitall breath that does inanimate
So many millions: and without it, they
Would be a mutuall burthen, and a pray.
*while the King lives, the people do accord:*
*But when he dies, they live but by the ſword.*
That accident will end the *Romanes* peace,
And make ſo great a Nations fortune ceaſe.
The people will remaine without that feare
So long, as they the bridle know to beare:
Which if they once ſhall break, they will be ſhie
To take't againe, though chance did throw it by;
The bond and tie of this great government
Will into many peices ſoone be rent:
And *Rome* will finde, by wanting that direction,
An equall end of rule, and of ſubjection.
It is not any wonder then that Kings
And Princes, and each Magiſtrate that brings
Peace to State, ſhould be below'd above
Our common parents, whom we dearly love:
For if the publike be by honeſt men
Priz'd 'bove their private, it will follow then,
That he on whom the Common-wealth relies,
Should ever be moſt pretious in our eyes.
*Cæſar* had heretofore within the State
So wrapt himſelfe, that but to ſeperate
[illegible] was to deſtroy them both. As his good
Lay in their ſtrength, ſo in a chiefe theirs ſtood.
But loe this ſpeach is longer than I meant,
And yet I'm ſure, it meets with our intent,
For if, as it appears, thou art the ſoul,
The State the body, then without controule,

Mercy is needfull: for while thou doeſt ſpare
Others, thou ſpar'ſt thy ſelfe. Then take thou care
Even of ill ſubjects, as of limbs decay'd:
And whenſoever reaſon ſhall perſwade,
To draw ſome blood, let the inciſion be
No more then needs. Thus Clemency, we ſee,
Is naturall to all men: but renoun'd
In Princes, through whoſe powre it finds more ground
To work on: private rage extends not far,
The cruelty of Princes is a war.
For though all vertues do agree, and none
Is as the better, and more honeſt known:
Yet ſome may better with ſome perſons ſute;
Courage becomes even thoſe, whoſe low repute,
Hath nothing under it: for what's more brave,
Than adverſe fortune in contempt to have?
But yet this courage hath a larger place
In a high fortune, and receaves more grace
From Courts than Cottages. Mercy appeares
In no houſe, but it baniſhes all fears:
Yet tis more rare, and therefore more admired
In Princes Courts: for what can be deſired
With greater wonderment, than to behold
A man, whoſe wrath is not to be controld,
To whoſe grave ſentence they forthwith ſubmit
That be condemn'd, and dare not queſtion it?
And who if furious paſſion him have ſeas'd
May not intreated be, to be appeas'd:
To ſee, I ſay, this man himſelfe arreſt,
And his vaſt power convert into the beſt,
Saying within himſelfe, to kill all have
Power without law, but only I to ſave.

Great fortune a great courage does require:
And if that flie not full as high or higher
Than ſhe, it brings her alſo to the ground;
This property in greatneſſe ſhould be found,
To be delightfull, gentle, and to ſlight
Reproaches, and offences as too light
To be regarded, or look't down upon.
Tis womaniſh, in paſſion to run on:
And tis the property of beaſts, that are
Not generous, with cruelty to tear
Such as lie on the ground. Whereas the rage
Of Elephants, and Lions will aſſwage,
When once they conquer. But th' ignoble race
Of Bears, and VVolves will dwell upon the place.
Feirce and unbounded anger ill befits
A King: for he not much above him ſits,
Whom he his equall makes through wrathfull ſtrife:
But if to men obnoxious he gives life,
Or reſtores honour, then he does a thing,
That appertaines to none but to a King.
Life may be taken from Superiours,
But never given but to Inferiours.
Tis proper to great Potentates to ſave,
Which never can more admiration have,
Then when they may; like gods, great favours give,
By whom we all both good and bad do live.
Then let a Prince, who ſhould reain a minde
Like to the gods, be affable and kind,
To uſefull and good ſubjects: and include
Others within the numerous multitude.
Let him rejoyce that ſome live in the State,
And let him alſo others tollerate.

Think

Think how this City, in whoſe ſpatious ſtreets
Such a continued throng of people meets;
Preſſing each other, when ſome lets retard
Their paſſage; like a torrents courſe that's bard:
Wherein there is requir'd ſufficient way
For three great Theaters, filled every day:
And where there is as much proviſion ſpent,
As out of the whole Empire can be ſent;
Would be diſtreſt, and brought to deſolation,
If only they were left of the whole Nation,
Whom a remorſleſſe Judge thought fit to ſpare:
What inſolent inquiſitors will dare,
T' abide that Law, which they themſelves exact?
Are not accuſers guilty of the fact
Whith they on others lay? we ever finde
Thoſe men to pardon others leaſt inclin'd,
Who have moſt needed pardon. Let's confeſſe
We have offended all, ſome more, ſome leſſe;
Some of ſet-purpoſe, ſome by chance incited,
Or by an others wickedneſſe invited:
Some from their honeſt purpoſes have ſtarted
And 'gainſt their wills from innocence have parted.
Nor can they only ſay, they did offend,
But muſt confeſſe, they ſhall even to the end.
And if there any be who have ſo purg'd
Their minds, that they by nothing can be urg'd
To commit faults, they certainly have gain'd
That innocence, by being often ſtain'd.
But ſeing we the gods have mention'd, I
That patterne to a prince may well apply:
Who to his ſubjects ſhould be ſuch, as he
Would willingly the gods to him ſhould be.

Should then the gods take ſo ſevere a courſe,
As not to be intreated to remorſe,
What other power could any King protect,
But that th' Inſpector would his limbs collect?
But if thoſe gentle powers can be content.
Not ſuddainly t' exact the puniſhment,
Of Princes crimes with thunder, Is it not
More juſt that they who have dominion got
Ore other men, ſhould uſe with gentleneſſe,
Their ſoveraignty, and cheerfully confeſſe,
The heavens to ſhew more gracefull in a bright
And Sun-ſhine day, than when no other light
Appears, but frequent flaſhes from the Skies,
When all the world in a deep horror lies?
And certainly th' aſpect of a mild State
The face of a clear skie does imitate.
A cruell Reigne is ever troublſome,
And full of darkneſſe, under which none come
But with a trembling and affrighted heart:
And he that cauſes all, will have his part.
A private perſon though he be involv'd
In ſtiffe revenge, is eaſily abſolv'd,
For fearing to be hurt, he may reſent
A wrong, or elſe [illegible] he would diſgrace prevent.
For it does rather cowardice appear,
Then Clemency, an injury to bear.
But he at whoſe command, revenge does lie,
Is merciſull, if he will paſſe it by.
Men in mean place may bend their fiſts, and may
Wrangle and braule, and openly give way
To anger. Among equalls ſtrokes paſs over,
But for a King intemp'rance to diſcover;

In

In un-beſeeming words, or to expreſſe
Paſſion in cries, makes Majeſty goe leſs.
Thou thinkſt it much that the free talke that's uſ'd
By common people, is to Kings refus'd:
And ſuch reſtraint, thou ſayſt, ſeemes to exclude
Empire, and rather ſlavery obtrude.
But is not this by tryall found to bee,
A ſlavery to us, and not to thee?
Their quality is diffrent that both ſhrowd
Themſelves, and do continue in the crowd:
Whoſe vertues ſtruggle long ere they be known,
And into darkneſſe are their vices thrown.
Thy words and deeds to rumor open are.
And therefore there is none ſhould take more care
What fame they have, than they whoſe fame will fill
The ſpacious world, let it be what it will:
How many things are not permitted thee,
Which by thy favour we enjoy? 'Tis free
For me through every ſtreet to walke alone,
And need not fear, though waited on by none:
Although at home no armes I do provide,
Nor any ſword be hanging at my ſide:
Thou in this time of peace, which thou doſt give
To us, and to the world, muſt armed live.
And canſt at no time from thy fortune part,
Which thee beſieges, for where ere thou art
Pleas'd to remove, that followes with a traine.
And great men juſtly may of this complaine,
As of their higheſt ſervitude, that they
Cannot deſcend, but where they are, muſt ſtay.
But this neceſſity no leſſe does bind
The gods then thee, who are to Heaven confind,

And to deſcend no more permitted bee,
By fates ſtrict law, then it is ſafe for thee.
Thou to thy height art fixt. Our motions few
Obſerve, we goe, returne, our clothes renew
Without a publike notice what is done,
Thou canſt no more be hidden then the Sun.
Thy perſon alwayes is with ſhining rayes
Invirond, upon which all people gaze.
Think'ſt thou that thou com'ſt forth? no thou doſt riſe.
No ſooner canſt thou ſpeak but thy voyce flies
Through every Country. Thou no ſooner art
To anger mov'd, but every thing does ſtart.
When thy proſcription againſt one comes out,
There is a preſent trembling round about;
As thunder falls but to a few mens harme,
Yet to the fear of many, ſo the arme
Of a chaſtiſing power, with terror awes,
More then with ſtrokes; and not without a cauſe.
For he that can do all, is lookt upon,
As what he may doe, not what he hath done.
Beſides, much ſuffering private perſons brings
To ſuffer more with patience, but Kings
By Clemency finde a ſecure defence:
For though ſtrict Juſtice ſtops the inſolence
Of a few men, yet publike hate it draws,
In puniſhments the will, before the cauſe,
Should alwayes ceaſe. For otherwiſe as Trees,
After th' are prun'd recover by degrees
A fair top: and as ſome plants we know,
Are often cut, thereby to make them grow:
So does a Princes cruelty augment,
And not the number of his foes prevent.

For

For parents, children, kindred, friends, ſubſtain
The places of thoſe men whom he hath ſlaine.
How true this is, ſhall now be underſtood
By an example fetch'd from thine own blood.
Divine *Auguſtus* was a gentle Prince,
If him at leaſt we ſhall conſider ſince
He ſwayd alone the Scepter; for tis true,
While he with others rul'd, his ſword he drew.
And having paſs'd the age of eighteen years,
As thou haſt now, he had, as it appeares
Suborn'd ſome friends with ſecret armes to lie
In wait, t' intrap the Conſul *Anthony*:
And had his ſhare in the Triumvirate.
But when his age arriv'd beyond the date
Of forty years, he, being in *France*, was told,
That *Lucius Cinna* a weak man, but bold,
Deſign'd his death: the manner, place, and when
T' was to be acted, was diſcovered then
By one of the confederates. His intent
Was to inflict on him ſharp puniſhment,
But with his friends conſulting what was beſt,
He could not in the night take any reſt,
For thinking, that he was to ruine quite
A noble youth, and but for that upright,
Nephew to *Pompey*; ſo loth was he now,
T' have one man die: who could before avow
With *Anthony* at ſupper time a liſt
Of dire proſcriptions. Thus did he perſiſt
In ſad and various thoughts. What then? Shall I
Suffer ſo treacherous an enemie
To walk ſecure, while I with cares am fraught?
And ſhall not he be puniſh'd that hath ſought

Not only to deſtroy but ſacrifice
This head ( for it was then their joynt advice
To ſlay him at the Alter) that in vaine
Hath been ſo often threatned with the bane
Of civill wars: and having quite allayd
So many ſtormes at Land and Sea, hath made
Peace through the world: then, having paus'd a while,
He ſpake much louder, and did more revile
Himſelfe then *Cinna*: wherefore doſt thou live
If to ſo many men thy death will give
A benefit? what end will there be
Of rigour? what of blood? this head, I ſee,
Muſt be ſubmitted to young nobles rage,
That they againſt it may their ſwords ingage.
Life is not ſo much worth, that unleſs I
Be now deſtroy'd ſo many men muſt die.
But his wife *Livia* interpoſing ſpake
Unto him thus: A woman's counſell take:
Doe like Phyſitians who are us'd to trie
When proper medicines faile, the contrary.
Rigour hath yet ſtood thee in little ſtead:
For *Lepidus Salvienus* followed,
*Muræna Lepidus*, *Muræna* gon,
*Cæpio* appear'd, and after him came on
*Egnatius*, for the reſt I need not name,
Whoſe very attemps to mention were a ſhame:
Be therefore at the length content to try
What profit will ariſe from Clemency:
And pardon *Lucius Cinna*. He's made ſure:
He cannot hurt, he may thy fame ſecure.
*Auguſtus* joyfull that his inward ſtrife
Was ſtopt by this good counſell, thankt his wife.

And

And making it ſoon known to all thoſe friends
He firſt conſulted, he for *Cinna* ſends:
And being come, he makes an other chaire
Be ſet for him, bidding the reſt forbeare:
*Cinna* (ſaid he) I do deſire that thou
Wilt without interruption here me now:
And the mean while not into paſſion break;
Thou after ſhalt have liberty to ſpeak.
When thee I found in armes, not only made,
But borne my foe, I did my wrath perſwade
To ſave thy life, and thy eſtate reſtore.
Nor is there at this day a man, that more
Abounds with wealth and happineſs, ſo high,
That Conquerors the Conquerd do envy.
The Preiſt-hood I at thy requeſt gave thee
Omitting thoſe whoſe fathers joyn'd with me
In ſeverall wars: and now thou goeſt about
To ſlay me, for my love. When he cry'd out,
May ſuch a madneſſe be by me abhord!
*Cæſar* reply'd, *Cinna*, thou breakſt thy word:
It was our firſt agreement thou ſhouldſt not
Give interruption; thou I ſay doſt plot,
To take away my life: he nam'd the place,
The day, and the aſſociats, and did trace
The whole deſigne; nay he was ſo exact
He nam'd the man appointed for the fact.
And when he ſaw him daſht, and ſilent, now
Through guilt, not promiſe: what, ſaid he, doſt thou
Aime at in this? to be made Prince? alas,
The Common-wealth is but at an ill paſſe,
If only I obſtruct thy way: tis known
Thou art not able to ſupport thine own

Houſe hold affaires. A man made newly free,
In a late private cauſe prevail'd gainſt thee:
Can any thing be eaſier then to ſtrive
With *Cæſar*? but proceed, if I ſurvive
To croſs thy hopes alone. Canſt thou ſuppoſe
*Emilius*, *Fabius Maximus*, and thoſe
Sprung from the *Coſſi* and *Servilii*
Will indure thee? ſuch as do not relie
On empty names: whom their own worth prefers
And are an honour to their Anceſtors?
But leſt by rendring his whole ſpeach, I make
A volume, know, two houres and more he ſpake,
And having ſo inlarg'd the puniſhment
With which alone he meant to be content:
*Cinna* ſaid he, I give thee life once more,
A Parricide found now, a foe before.
Let friendſhip between us begin henceforth,
Let us contend whether ſhall ſhew moſt worth,
I in beſtowing, thou in owning life.
He after made him Conſull, and the ſtrife
Was that he durſt not ask it: to the end
*Cinna* remaind his true and faithfull friend:
And made him his ſole heir. From that time none
T' have ploted gainſt *Auguſtus* life was known.
Thy great grand fathers father pardoned thoſe
Whom he ſubdued, how elſe could he ſuppoſe
There would be any left, ore whom to reigne?
From the foes party, he did *Saluſt* gain,
And the *Cocceians* alſo drew off then,
And the *Duillians*, with that band of men,
Who in ſo great fidelity perſiſted,
That they into his own Life-guard were liſted.

Beſides,

Beſide, at that time alſo the *Domitians*,
With the *Meſſala's*, and *Aſinians*,
The *Ciceronians*, and the flower of *Rome*
To his great mercy debters were become.
How long did he keep *Lepidus* alive,
And him of Princely title not deprive?
From taking the High-Prieſthood he abſtain'd,
So long as *Lepidus* in life remaind.
For he that purer honour would not ſoile
So much, as that it ſhould be cal'd a ſpoyle.
This mercy his eſtate and life aſſur'd,
And more good will and more eſteem procurd,
Although he had not fully laid his hand
On *Rome*, which yet had ſtoopt to no command;
And at this day preſerves him in ſuch fame,
As that no Prince alive the like can claime.
For with the gods we ranke him, not becauſe
We are hereto enjoyned by the Lawes,
But that we ſo believe. And we confeſſe
*Auguſtus* a good Prince, whoſe worthineſs
Deſerv'd that attribute, his Countries Father,
For which we can no better reaſon gather,
Then that he us'd no cruell puniſhment
Gainſt contumelie, which great men reſent
Above an injury: that he reproaches ſlighted:
And that he thought the puniſhment ſtill lighted
Upon himſelf, which he on others laid:
And finding th' honour of his houſe betrayd,
By his own daughters lewd adulteries,
That he could thoſe indignities diſpiſe:
And did not only not the adulterers ſlay,
But with a ſafe-conduct ſent them away.

This is the height of pard'ning, when tis known
That there are many would thy anger own,
And to pleaſe thee, be willing not to ſpare
The blood of thoſe whom thou ſhalt once declare,
To be offenders, and yet thou to give
Both pardon, and protection to live.
Theſe things *Auguſtus* in his age, I finde,
Did do, or when he towards age inclin'd.
Who in his youth was hot, with anger boyl'd:
Whoſe thoughts, from many things he did, recoyl'd.
Tween thee and gentle *Auguſtus* none dares make
Compariſon for mercy, though he take
Th' advantage of his age more than mature;
It cannot with thy youth the teſt indure.
His mercie and meeknes often times were try'd:
Yet after he the *Actian* ſea had die'd
With *Roman* blood: yet after he had loſt
His own and other navies on the coaſt
Of *Sicilie*: yet after ſo much guilt
Of blood, on the *Peruſian* altars ſpilt,
And by proſcriptions. This do not I
Call mercy, but a weary'd cruelty.
Thine is true mercy, *Cæſar*, which began
Not from repented cruelty, nor can
Be taxed with the ſtaine of civil blood.
In ſo great height of power thou haſt made good
Thy temprance, and unſpeakable good will
To man; and art not taynted with the ill
Of avarice or raſhneſs, or th' example
Of former Kings, who on mens necks did trample.
And their great power with rigour did dilate.
But thou the edge of Empire doſt abate.

Thou

Thou, *Ceſar*, haſt thy *Rome* unbloody made,
And as thou haſt with noble boaſting ſayd,
No part of the whole world one drop hath loſt
Of humane blood by me: and which is moſt
To be admir'd, none ever had command,
Or had the ſword put ſooner in his hand:
And therefore mercy as well ſafety brings,
As great eſteem: and is no leſſe to Kings,
Secure than glorious. When they aged die
Their Kingdomes come to their poſteritie:
The government of Tyrants is both ſhort,
And deteſtable. Say then, in what ſort
Do Kings and Tyrants differ; for we know
Their power is equall, and the ſame in ſhow?
A tyrant cruell is out of meer will,
A King but through neceſſitie: both kill:
The one as oft as publique good requires:
Th' other of himſelfe mens deaths deſires.
A tyrant differs from a King in deeds
And not in name. He that the ſtory reads
Of the elder *Dionyſius*, will finde,
That he in merrit did not come behind
Moſt Kings: And wherefore ſhould he doubt to call
*Sylla* a Tyrant, who his rage let fall
When there were no foes left with him to ſtrive,
Whom he of life and fortune might deprive?
And though he the Dictatorſhip lay'd down,
And like a private man reſum'd the gown,
Yet what fierce tyrant ever was ſo curſt,
Or ere drank humane blood with ſo much thirſt?
At whoſe command (which nothing could reſtrain)
Seaven thouſand *Roman* Cittizens were ſlain.

And when the Senate, being together met,
And in the Temple of *Bellona* set
Within the hearing of those men that groan'd
Under the sword, their misery bemoan'd:
*Fathers conscript* (sayd he) *let us proceed;*
*These are a few seditious men that bleed*
*By my appointment.* What he said was true:
For they to *Sylla* seemed but a few.
But we hereafter shall from *Sylla* know,
What anger we to enemies should show:
Especially to those that have forsaken
Their fellow Citizens, and on them taken
The name of foes. In the mean time 'tis cleer,
That mercy makes the difference appear
Between a King and tyrant: though both have
Their guards, yet th' one is guarded but to save
Peace from disturbance; th' other to restrain
Great hatred with great fear, and is in pain
And jealousie while he beholds those bands,
Though he commit himself into their hands;
Thus contraries 'gainst contraries are rear'd,
For as he hated is because he's feard,
So 'cause he's hated he'll be feard: and then
That wicked saying, whereby many men
Have been destroyd, he uses: Let them hate
So that they fear; not minding with what weight
Rage falls on him, when hatred swells too high.
For temp'rate fear bold thoughts does qualifie,
But when it is continuall, and growes
Into extremity, it moves even those
That lie upon the ground to rise, and try
With daring boldness th' utmost remedy.

Though ſavage beaſts be compaſt with a net;
Yet if the hunters then upon them ſet,
They will attempt to flie through what they fled;
And furiouſly upon their fear will tred.
That reſolution is not to be ſhaken,
Which from extream neceſſity is taken.
Fear muſt hold forth ſome ſafety, and ſuggeſt
More hope then harme: they that would quiet reſt,
If they be ſtill in danger, will forbear
No hazard, but will ruſh on them they fear.
A conſtant guard a peaceſull King ſecures,
By which the common ſafety he aſſures.
A gallant ſouldier being ſtill prepar'd
To defend peace, ſtands as his fathers guard.
But he that guards a bloody tyrant, ſtands
As if he carryed danger in his hands.
We cannot in thoſe miniſters confide,
Whom we imploy but only to provide
Gibbets, and racks, and inſtruments to ſlay:
To whom as to wild beaſts men are a prey.
A tyrant, lives in more anxietie,
Then any of thoſe who he condemnes to dy:
For his own conſcience threatens him with rods
Of direfull vengeance, both from men and gods.
And is reduc'd to that condition,
He cannot mend, but muſt in ill goe on.
Great cruelty hath this which is the worſt
Of villainy, that to proceed it is forc't.
And finds no way left open of regreſſe;
For wickedneſs muſt ſtrengthen wickedneſſe.
And what can be a greater miſery,
Then to be wicked through neceſſitie?

O wretched hee, but to himſelfe 'bove all!
(And they into an odious guilt muſt fall
That pitie him) who uſes his great power
With rapines, and with ſlaughters to devour.
That every where lookes with ſuſpicious eyes,
And fearing weapons, to dire weapons flies:
That doubts the faith of neareſt friends, is ſhie
Of his own childrens tender piety.
And when both what he hath, and will effect
He ſo conſiders, that he does reflect
Upon his conſcience full of crimes and frights,
He often fears, and oftner death invites.
And is t' himſelfe more odious then to thoſe,
Who by their ſervice are at his diſpoſe.
But he on th' other ſide, whoſe care is bent
To the whole State, (though it be more intent
To one part then an other, yet ther's none,
Wheron he does not look as on his own,)
Ever inclines to mercy: And when need
Requires his ſtricter juſtice to proceed,
He ſhews with what unwillingneſs he's brought
To ſharper remedies: whoſe gentle thought
No rancour entertains, nor hoſtile rage,
But does his power with mild commands aſwage.
Who to his ſubjects labours to approve
His government, with gentleneſs, and love.
And thinks himſelfe happy enough, if hee
Communicates his own felicity.
Courteous in ſpeach, and eaſie of acceſſe,
And that which peoples hearts does moſt poſſeſſe,
Retains a clear and loving countenance:
And as he ſeekes all juſt deſirs t' advance,

So

So neither is he cruell to unjuſt:
But hath a ſpeciall intreſt in the truſt
Of all his ſubjects, whom, from inward ſenſe
They love, defend, and truly reverence.
Of whom the people ſpeak the ſame at home
They do abroad, all ſeeking to become
Fathers of children: wiſhing barrenneſſe,
Cauſed in time of civill wars, might ceaſe:
And hoping they their children ſhall ingage
The more, becauſe th' are born in ſuch an age.
This Prince by his own benefit ſecur'd,
Needs not to be in Cittadells immur'd:
And though he have his guards, yet they are meant
Not for defence, but for an ornament.
What is his dutie then? the very ſame
Of a good father: who ſometimes does blame
His children with mild words, ſomtimes with threats,
And them, if they be ſtubborn, ſometimes beats,
Who having ſenſe, his ſonne will diſinherit
For the firſt fault? unleſſe his lewd demerit
By many enormities his patience moves:
Unleſſe he feares beyond what he reproves,
His reſolution, is not eaſily bent
To wipe his name out of his Teſtament.
He many tryalls makes, to work upon
The doubtfull diſpoſition of his ſonne,
Although he fears him gon ſo far paſt ſhame,
That he his nature hardly can reclame:
But when he finds him deſperat, he flies
With reſolution to extremities.
Hope makes him uſe all meanes that helpfull are;
Extremities accompany diſpaire.

What Parents do, a Prince should do the same:
Whom we the Father of his Country name,
Not with vaine flattery: for we apply
All other sirnames to his dignity.
We call him happy, great, and royall, use
All titles, which proud majesty would choose:
But Father of his Country makes it known,
That he thereby a Fathers power must own:
Which is a mild authority, confer'd
For childrens sakes, whose good should be preferr'd
Before his own. A father makes not haste
To cut off his own limbs; and if at last
He does it, he would them again restore:
And in the very action does deplore
His losse so long delayd: for when a father
Is quickly done, it seems a willing act:
And too much punishing, suspition draws,
That the chastiser does it without cause.
Within our memory a Roman Knight,
*Erixo*, was run through in open sight,
With writing-pins, because he scourg'd his sonne
To death with rods. Nor could the rage be gun
By fathers, and by children, have been stayed,
But that *Augustus* power the fame alay'd.
When *Titus Arius* plainly had defied,
That his sonne meant to become parricide,
He punisht him with exile: which decree
Was much extold by all, by reason he
Was so indulgent, as to be content
In such a crime, with only banishment,
And then an easie one; for he confind
Him to *Marselles*, and with all assign'd

The penſion to him, which he had enjoy'd
Before his guilt. This bounty did avoid,
( Even in that City where no lewd offence
Wants patronage ) all thought of innocence
In him, whom in ſo great and high debate,
His father could condemn, and yet not hate.
We by this fit example will now gather,
How a good Prince, agrees with a good Father.
*Arius* intending of this crime t' inquire,
The counſell of *Auguſtus* did deſire.
VVho to his houſe at his requeſt repair'd,
And with a private man in counſell ſhar'd:
Not ſaying let him come to me; for ſo,
The Judgment which from that conſult ſhould grow,
VVould have been *Cæſars*, and not his. The cauſe
Being diſcuſs'd according to the Lawes,
And th' allegations of both parties heard;
*Cæſar*, before his ſentence he declar'd,
Caus'd every Judge his verdict to write down,
Leaſt th' Emprors Vote might ſeem to be their own,
Then ere the bookes were opened, he did ſwear,
That he had no intent to be the heire
Of wealthy *Arius*. Here ſome abject ſpirit
VVill ſay, he feard to ſhew a hope t' inherit
The fathers goods, by the ſonnes condemnation.
But I think otherwiſe. For in relation
To a good conſcience, we ſhould make defence
Gainſt ill opinions, by firme confidence:
And Princes ought eſpecially to looke
Upon their fame; a ſolemn oath he tooke,
That he would not inherit his eſtate.
By which meanes *Arius* had that day the fate

To loſe an other heir. But the decree
Of *Cæſar*, was declared to be free:
Who after he had made it evident
That he by his opinion never meant
To make a benefit, (a care that ought
To be eſtabliſht in a Princes thought)
He ſentenced the ſon to be confind,
Only according to his fathers minde.
Not that he ſhould into the ſack be put,
Or thrown forth among ſerpents, or be ſhut
In ſome cloſe Goale: nor had he ſo much thought
Of him he cenſur'd, as of him that brought
Him to his counſell. It is fit, ſaid he,
That the moſt eaſie puniſhment ſhould be
Inflicted by a father on a ſonne,
Young, and ſeduced to a crime, not done,
But (which to innocence comes very neer)
Not entertain'd, But with reluctant fear;
Yet that he ought to be remov'd of right
Both from the City, and his fathers ſight:
O Prince whoſe counſell ſhould be ſtill implor'd
By fathers in their need, and be ador'd!
O Prince deſerving for his tender care,
With all diſtreſſed ſonnes to be co-heire!
This, a Kings mercy juſtly may be ſtil'd,
That where he preſent is, makes all things mild.
And no man ſhould to him appear ſo vile,
But he ſhould alſo be in trouble while
He ſuffers, who, howere unfortunate,
Is yet a part and member of the State.
Great Empire may admit compariſon
With ſmaller powers; for there are more than one:

Princes their ſubjects rule, fathers beare ſway
Over their children, Maſters to obay
Do teach their Schollers, Captains to their bands
Of ſoldiers, daily ſend forth their commands.
Who would not blame that father, which for light
Offences does his children beat and fright?
Which of thoſe tutors hath the worthier parts,
Or is moſt fit to teach the liberall arts?
He that his ſchollers fleas, becauſe they ſtick
Upon ſome words, their ſight not being quick:
Becauſe their memories do ſometimes faile;
Or he that rather chooſes to prevaile
With admonitions, and to reprehend
With modeſty, thereby to make them mend?
A Captaine that too cruell is, will make
His ſoldiers out of hatred him forſake,
And juſtly too; for why ſhould we forbear
To be to beaſts, yet not to men, ſevere?
A skilful rider when he tames a horſe,
Seekes not to do't with frequent blowes, and force,
But with ſoft ſtroking, and a gentle hand,
Leſt he grow reſtie, and refuſe command.
A hunter, trayning up young dogs to hunt,
Makes uſe of older hounds which have been wont
To trace wild beaſts: nor does he often rate
The young ones, leſt their mettle ſhould abate
By a degenerate feare, or make them run
Quite from the reſt, their maſters rage to ſhun.
Nay duller cattle that to toyle are bred,
When they are too much goard, and threatned,
The yoake and burthen will decline. No creature
Is ſo untractable as man by nature:

And therefore he should always be prepar'd
With greater industry, and be more spar'd.
For what's more foolish than to be asham'd
Of rage, when beasts and dogs are to be tam'd;
Yet think that man by terror should be forc'd,
As if a mans condition were the worst.
We cure diseases without anger: this
Disease of minde not to be cured is
By hatred to the patient: he is sure
No good Physitian who dispaires to cure.
He by whom subjects ought to be protected,
Should gently deale with those who are affected
In minde: and not the signes of death declare,
And suddainly turne hope into dispaire.
But he should strive with vices, and contend;
Some for their error he should reprehend;
And others with soft remedies beguile,
Deceiving, but yet curing them the while.
And not to heale alone must be the care
Of Princes, but to leave no shamefull scar.
Severe and cruell punishments can bring
At no time any glory to a King:
For who his power will question? but he gaines
Highest renown, when he his power restrains;
When many he preserves from others rage,
And against no man does his own engage.
It is a praise to bear a gentle hand
Over our slaves: for even in that command
We ought to weigh, not what the lawes permit,
But what for us in equity is fit.
Which bids us spare our vassales, and with-hold
Our rage from slaves, that are both bought and sold.

How much more equitable is it then,
Not to make ſlaves of free and honeſt men?
Who though inferiours do not owe ſubjection
Unto thy will, but unto thy protection.
A ſtatue is a refuge for a ſlave:
And though ore him full power by law we have,
Yet there is ſomething in the creatures law,
That in behalfe of man keeps man in awe.
Who did not *Vedius Pollio* as much hate
As did his ſlaves, becauſe he us'd to bait
His Lampreys with mans fleſh? when the leaſt faults
Was by a ſlave committed, he was caught
And thrown into his fiſh pond, and expos'd,
As it had been to Serpents there inclos'd.
O wretch deſerving to be ſtucken dead
A thouſand times! whether that he ſo fed
The Lampreys which he after meant to eat,
Or kept them only to make men their meat.
As cruell Lords when they abroad are ſeen,
Are pointed at, and do provoke the ſpleen
Of all beholders: ſo the infamy
Of cruell Princes far and near does fly,
And the unceſſant hatred of their crimes
Remaines upon record to after times.
Were it not better ſuch had not been borne,
Than borne to publike bane? what can adorne
A man of power like mercy, in what way
So ever he is ſet to beare the ſway?
For we muſt needs confeſſe that what proceeds
From greateſt power, moſt admiration breeds,
Which cannot hurtfull be unleſſe it ſwerve
From natures law, and will not that obſerve.

For

For nature first ordain'd a King; as we
In other creatures, and in Bees may see.
Whose King is centr'd in the safest place,
And has t' himselfe a rome of larger space.
Hes also freed from labour, and remaines
As a count-taker of the others paines.
And as good orders kept whille he's alive,
So does his death wholy dissolve the hive.
Nor do they ever suffer more than one,
Which for his courage chosen is alone.
Besides as his condition is the best,
So is his shape and forme above the rest:
But the chiefe difference is, that though by nature
A Bee appeares a very angry Creature,
And to the modell of it's body, prone
To fight on any provocation,
VVith so much furiousnesse, that it is found
To leave the sting behind it in the wound.
Yet contrary to all the rest, the King,
Is ever found to be without a sting.
For nature would that he should neither bear
Malice, nor take revenge, that costs so deare:
Shee him of an offensive sting bereft,
VVhereby his anger shee unarmed left.
This is a maine example to great Kings,
For nature is accustom'd in small things
T' exalt her selfe, who unto man presents
From slightest subjects, weighty'st arguments.
VVhy should we, therefore be asham'd to learne
From little creatures, since it does concerne
A man so much the more his minde to charme
VVith temprance, as 'tis apter to do harme.

For

For my part I could wiſh that law deriv'd
To men, that they of anger were depriv'd,
Together with their ſwords: and that they might
Do hurt but once; not make their hatred light
With others ſtrength. Fury would ſoone decay,
Had it no other hand to help to ſlay,
And that it could not be reveng'd, unleſſe
It hazarded it ſelfe in the ſucceſſe.
Nor is a Tyrants danger thereby clear'd,
For he muſt fear as much as he'd be fear'd:
And muſt obſerve the hands of all, and though
He be not aim'd at, muſt not think it ſo,
But be ſuſpicions ſlave without releaſe;
Nor can his fear for any moment ceaſe:
Why ſhould a man ſo ſick a life indure,
When he may lead, and be in that ſecure,
A harmleſſe life? and when he may employ
His ſaving power to all the peoples joy.
He errs that thinks a King may be ſafe there,
Where nothing from a King is ſafe. Tis cleare,
Security does alwayes moſt relie,
Upon a mutuall ſecuritie.
There is no need of ſtrong and lofty Towers,
Built on high hills, t' oppoſe offenſive powers:
To dig huge mountaines round, to make them ſteep:
Or into double trenched holds to creep.
Mercy guards Kings wheres'ever they reſort.
The love of ſubjects is the only fort
That is impregnable. What can befall
A King like this, to be pray'd for by all?
Not only when an Officer is near:
But when no other preſent is to hear.

And if his health a little be impair'd,
Fear and not hope of change is then declar'd
By all his subjects: who, his safty prize:
And all that's theirs compar'd with that dispise,
Who think no accident can him betide,
Which they 'tween him and them must not divide.
Mean time he by these daily arguments
Of mutuall goodnesse, hereunto consents:
That, as each vertuous prince hath still maintain'd,
He for the State, not that for him 's ordain'd.
Who against this man mischiefe dares attempt?
Or (if it could be) would not him exempt
From all mis-haps, under whom Justice, Peace,
Safty, and honour florish and increase?
Through whom the City with great riches fraught
Hath all the benefits that can be thought:
Which viewing him like joy does apprehend,
As if the gods vouchsafed to descend:
Looking upon their Soveraign with an eye,
Of reverence, and devotion. For why?
Should he not be accounted to be near
The gods themselves, that does their nature bear?
And is like them both mild and liberall,
His power imploying to the good of all.
A King chastises out of two respects,
When either he some great offence detects,
T' have been committed 'gainst himselfe, or when
It is committed against other men.
I'll first clear that wherein himselfe's concern'd,
For moderation is more hardly learn'd
When his revenge to wrath is more a debter,
Than to example, whereby men grow better.

'Tis

Tis here ſuperfluous to be put in minde
To ſhun a light beleife, to ſeek to finde
And know the truth, to favour innocence,
Whereby the Judge may ſeem to have a ſenſe
Of his own fame, which elſe would be as far
In danger, as the priſoner at the bar;
But this is found to be the propertie
Of Juſtice, rather than of Clemency.
We now adviſe that paſſions be ſuppreſt
In provocations that are manifeſt:
And (if it may be ſafe) to be content
To pardon and remit the puniſhment.
And to be exorable in his own,
Not in an others injury alone.
For as to bounty, it no whit relates,
To be profuſe in other mens eſtates:
And as he's liberall that alwayes throwes
That from himſelfe, which he on men beſtowes.
So does not Clemency to him belong,
VVho is indulgent in anothers wrong.
But he is mercyfull, that does refraine
From a revenge, in midſt of his own paine.
VVho knows his minde arriv'd to the full height,
VVhen he in greateſt power a wrong can ſlight.
And thinks a Prince with higheſt glory crown'd,
VVhen oft provokt, he ſtill is gentle found.
Two benefits ſeem from revenge t' ariſe:
Him that hath wrong it either ſatisfies,
Or is a ſafety to the reſt. A Prince
Enjoys a fortune of more conſequence,
Than that he ſhould on ſuch a helpe depend:
And his known power much farther does extend,

And is more clear, than that he ſhould be faine
To make it clearer by an others bane.
This my diſcourſe is of a Prince intended,
That is by his inferiours offended.
For where he finds thoſe that his equalls were
Standing beneath him, his revenge is there.
A ſlave, a ſerpent, and a dart have ſlain
A King, but no man juſtly can maintaine
He ſaved any, but that he in power
To him he ſav'd, muſt be ſuperiour;
And therefore he a noble uſe ſhould make
Of what [illegible] the gods beſtowd, power both to take
And to give life: and chiefly towards thoſe
VVho formerly his greatneſs did oppoſe.
For having got the ſoveraignty, tis proofe,
That he thereby hath got revenge enough:
And hath attaind to all that can be meant,
By the full benefit of puniſhment.
For he that owes his life, hath loſt it: he
That is compelld to beg upon his knee
His life and Kingdom, muſt be fain to live
A Trophy to his name that life did give:
And being ſafe, he does his fame more right,
Than if he had been carry'd from his ſight:
For he a daily ſpectacle remaines,
By which the vertue of an other gaines
An endleſſe fame: whereas had he been lead
In triumph, he had quickly vaniſhed.
And if he ſafely could his power reſtore,
And give him back all that he loſt before,
His honour would exceedingly increaſe:
And he would manifeſt by that releaſe,

That

That he desir'd to take no other thing,
But only glory from a vanquisht King.
This is to triumph ore his victory,
And to declare to all the world that he
Found nothing in a conquer'd hand, that might
Th' acceptance of a conqueror invite.
But as for Citizens, and men unknown,
And others of a mean condition,
No vengeance should be taken upon such,
Lest honour seem thereby to stoop too much.
Some thou must pardon willingly, to some
Thou must disdaine that thy revenge should come:
Whom, though they vex, thou must forbear no lesse
To kill; than we some vermin for their filthinesse.
But touching those which in the publicke eye
May be condemn'd, or set at liberty,
It will be fit, that thou shouldst not refuse
Thy wonted mercy towards them to use.
But let us passe to others injuries,
In punishing whereof the law relies
On these three things, which Princes should intend,
That them whom they chastise they may amend;
Or others by their sad example cure;
Or else by cutting off the bad, assure
The safety of the rest. The first will be
With smaller punishments reform'd by thee.
For having something left whereto to trust,
They in their future wayes will be more just:
Since there is little reason to take care
Of honour, or estate that's in despaire.
And tis a kind of freedome from the law
T' have nought to lose; such men stand not in aw:

And for the reſt, a Cities manners are
Sooneſt reform'd, when puniſhments be rare.
For where offenders grow to a multitude,
A cuſtome of offending does intrude.
And frequent condemnations will abate
The infamy of lewdneſſe in a State.
And rigour, which is held the cheife redreſſe,
Is by continuance regarded leſſe.
A Prince reformes ill manners, and does heal
Vices more eaſily in the common-weal,
VVhen he is mild and patient, not as though
He did approve them, but thereby to ſhow
That he is brought with very much regret,
And quite againſt his will his ſword to whet.
The very mercie of a Prince revokes
Offenders from their uſuall crimes, as ſtrokes
VVhich from a mild and gentle hand proceed,
Do commonly more ſhame and ſorrow breed.
Beſides thou ſeeſt how often men are led
T' offend, though they be often puniſhed.
Thy father more employd the fatall ſack
In five yeares ſpace, than they who ſhall look back
To all time paſt, will finde was ever don;
For children did not into vice ſo run,
As to commit the worſt of crimes, untill
The law made that a crime. It was the will,
And prudence of thoſe famous men that were
Moſt ſkild in natures ſecrets, to forbeare
To mention that deteſted wickedneſſe,
VVhich no ſtraind impudence knew how t' expreſs,
Leſt by ordaining puniſhment for it,
T' had ſhew'd that ſome might ſuch a crime commit.

By

By that Law therefore paricides were taught,
And puniſhment that wickedneſſe firſt brought.
All piety fell quickly to the ground,
After more ſacks then gallowſes were found.
That cities thought to goodneſſe much addicted,
Where puniſhments but rarely are inflicted.
Integrity is therein underſtood
To be retained as a publike good.
A Common-wealth that does ſo far proceed,
To think it ſelfe ſincere, is ſo indeed.
And is offended more with them that fall
From publike thrift, becauſe their numbers ſmall.
Tis dangerous, believe me, to declare
To any Citie, how much ill men are
In number more than good. By a decree
Slaves were to be diſtinguiſht from the free
By their apparell. But it ſoon appeard
What danger to the State was to be fear'd,
If to our ſlaves our number once were known.
So ſhould we fear, if thou ſhould'ſt pardon none.
T' would to the City ſoon be manifeſt
How much the lewder part out weigh'd the reſt.
By many puniſhments like ſhame befalls
A Prince, as doth by many funeralls
Befall Phyſitians. Moſt men have a mind
By nature ſtubburne, to reſiſt inclind.
It ſtrives more when we chaſe, than when we ſawn;
And followes far more eaſily than tis drawn:
As generous horſes ſooner are reclam'd
By gentle bits, ſo willing minds are fram'd
To follow mercy of their own accord.
To which the City freely will afford

Kinde

Kinde entertainment, and thereof accept
As of a thing moſt worthy to be kept.
And therefore in this way more profit will
Ariſe, for cruelty's no human ill.
It is a beſtiall fury to delight
In blood and ſlaughter, and to throw off quite
Th' eſſentiall qualities of humane nature,
And tranſmigrate into a ſavage creature.
Here I ( O *Alexander* ) faine would know
What difference tis *Lyſimacus* to throw
Forth to a Lyon, or elſe not forbear
With thine own teeth in pieces him to teare:
That throat is thine, that cruelty thine own.
How heartily thou'd'ſt wiſh thy nailes were grown
To Talons, and that thou could'ſt ſtretch thy jawes,
To devour thoſe thou catcheſt in thy pawes.
We wiſh not that thy hand, ( thy beſt friend's bain )
Should mercy towards any entertaine.
Or thy fierce heart (deſtructive to mankind.)
Should without blood-ſhed ſatisfaction finde.
Tis mercy cal'd when he his friends would kill,
That men be brought to execute his will:
This renders rage abominable, when
It firſt breakes wonted, then the bounds of men.
It ſeekes new torments, ſtudies ſeverall wayes,
And Inſtruments of cruelty diſplayes,
Whereby it varies, and inlarges pain,
And fetches paſtime out of human bane.
That dire diſeaſe of minde comes to the height,
Of madneſſe, when in blood it takes delight.
And hath ſo far proceeded, that it can
Take pleaſure in the ruine of a man.

Deſtruction,

Destruction, hatred, poyson, swords attend
At this mans back to bring him to his end.
By whom as many dangers still are feard,
As he for many often hath prepard.
Somtimes from private plots, at other times
Through open detestation of his crimes.
For light and private mischeifes doe not raise
Whole Cities; but when wickedness displaies
It selfe with rage, and threatens all, tis met
By multitudes, and round about beset;
Small Serpents creep away: When one's beheld
So great, that tis into a monster swel'd:
When with its breath it poysons common springs,
And where it goes, destroyes, and venome flings:
It is with croslo-bows shot at. Petty ills,
Deceive and scape, not much against our wills,
But great ones are oppos'd. So is a house
Not shun'd by any, nor thought dangerous,
When one alone is sick. But if 't appeare
By frequent deaths to be the Plague, a fear
Possesses the whole Town; from whence men flie,
And to the gods with lifted hands do cry.
So when a fire a private house does seise,
Servants and neighbours bringing water, ease
The rest of trouble, quenching it alone.
But when the flame is to a vastnesse grown,
And many buildings burne, it is put out
With devastion of what's round about.
Sometime the cruelty of private men
Hath been reveng'd by servile hands, even when
Their death was certaine. People, Nations,
And all that have to Tyrants had relations,

And have endur'd, or feard their cruell rage,
Have in their ruine ventur'd to ingage.
Their very guards have risen up at length,
And all the hatred, crueltey, and strength
Of impiousnesse, which they by them were taught,
They on the Authors back again have brought.
For what good expectation can be had
From them, whom we instructed to be bad?
Iniquity obays not long, nor will
Be alwayes at command in doing ill.
But lets imagine cruelty secure:
Yet what a Kingdom must that Prince indure?
A Realme that like a City sack't, does wear
The dismall face of universall fear.
Where all's confus'd and sad, and no delight
Can be enjoy'd without continuall fright.
Where feasts afford no safety, but among
His cups, each must set watches on his tongue:
Nor publike shewes wherein occasion's sought
T'have men both into crimes and dangers brought.
And though they be set forth with great expence,
With wealth of Kings, by men of excellence.
Yet upon whom should folly so prevaile,
To seeke to goe from sports into a Gaile?
What wickednesse is this (good Gods) to slay,
And suffer cruell rage to bear such sway,
As not to have a sense of human paines,
And to delight in rating of chaines,
And in be-heading men? to come no where
Without much blood-shed, bringing terror there.
How could our lives be worse if we were rul'd
By Lyons, and by Bears? or if we should

Be governed by ſerpents, and each creature
That lives by blood, and abhors man by nature.
Theſe void of reaſon and condemn'd by us
For cruelty are never furious
To their own kinde: 'mong them ſimilitude
Is ſafe and is not bloodily purſu'd.
But among men not kindred is excus'd,
Allies like ſtrangers are by Tyrants us'd,
That by particular ſlaughters they may grow,
Whole kingdomes by degrees to overthrow.
Who, to fire Towns, old Cities to devoure,
And plow up the foundations, think it power.
And count it not imperiall to kill
But now and then: and that unleſs they fill
Themſelves with blood of many men ordaind
T' indure the ſtroke, think cruelty reſtraind.
But he that many ſaves, and does reſtore
To life ſuch as lie gaſping at deaths dore,
Merits by Clemency a high renown,
And worthily deſerves the Civique Crown.
Then which no ornament can more beſeem
A Princes head, or gain him more eſteem:
Upon whoſe Gate this Motto is ingrav'd
In Characters, *For having Subjects ſav'd*:
No Chariot red with blood of barbrous Kings,
No ſpoyle of conquered foes ſuch honour brings:
Tis divine power to ſave by Troops in view
Of all the world: but many to purſue
With cruelty, and that without reſpect,
Of fire and ſword, the power is, and th' effect.

FINIS.